of view. He interfered very little with the stage management, and did not care to sit in the stalls and criticise. But he would come quietly to rne and tell me things which were most illuminating, and he paid me the compliment of weeping at the wing while I rehearsed " Olivia.**

*I* was generally weeping, too, for Olivia, more than any part, touched me to the heart. I cried too much in it, just as I cried too much later on in the Nunnery[7] scene in * Hamlet," and in the last act of " Charles I." My real tears on the stage have astonished some people, and have been the envy of others, but they have often been a hindrance to me. I have had to *-work* to restrain them.

Oddly enough, although " Olivia." was such a great success at the Court, it has never made much money since. The play could pack a tiny theatre; it could never appeal in a big way to the masses. In itself it had a sure message—the love story of an injured woman is one of the cards in the stage pack which it is always saie to play—but against this there was a bad last act, one of the worst I have ever acted in. It was always being tinkered with, but patching and alteration only seems to weaken it.

Mr. Hare produced " Olivia ” perfectly. Marcus Stone designed the clothes, and I found my dresses—both faithful and charming as reproductions of the eighteenth-century spirit—stood the advance of time and the progress of ideas when I played the part later at the Lyceum. I had not to alter anything. Henry Irving discovered the same thing about the scenery and stage management. They

could not be improved upon. There was very little scenery at the Court, but a great deal of taste and care in selection.

Every one was " Olivia." mad. The Olivia cap shared public favour with the Langtry bonnet. That most lovely and exquisite creature, Mrs. Langtry, could not go out anywhere, at the dawn of the 'eighties, without a crowd collect-